Rat. Your Highneſſe told me I ſhould poſt before.
King. My minde is changd ſir, my minde is changd.
How now, what newes with you? *Enter Darby.*
Dar. None good my Lord, to pleaſe you with the hearing
Nor none ſo bad but it may well be told.
Kin. Holiday, a riddle, neither good nor bad:
Why dooſt thou runne ſo many mile about,
When thou mayſt tell thy tale a neerer way,
Once more what newes?
Dar. Richmond is on the ſeas.
King. There let him ſinke, and be the ſeas on him,
White liuerd runnagate, what doth he there?
Da. I know not mighty ſoueraigne but by gueſſe.
King. Well ſir, as you gueſſe, as you gueſſe.
Da. Sturd vp by Dorſet, Buckingham and Elie,
He makes for Englād, there to claime the crowne.
Kin. Is the Chayre emptie? is the ſword vnſwaid?
Is the king dead? the Empire vnpoſſeſt?
What heire of Yorke is there aliue but we?
And who is Englands king, but great Yorkes heire?
Then tell me what doth he vpon the ſea?
Dar. Vnleſſe for that my liege, I cannot gueſſe.
King. Vnleſſe for that, he comes to be your liege,
You cannot gueſſe, wherefore the Welchman comes,
Thou wilt reuoult, and flie to him I feare.
Dar. No mightie liege, therefore miſtruſt me not.
King. Where is thy power then to beate him backe?
Where are thy tenants, and thy followers?
Are they not now vpon the Weſterne ſhore,
Safe conducting the rebels from their ſhippes.
Dar. No my good Lord, my friends are in the North.
Kin. Cold friends to Richard, what do they in the North?
When they ſhould ſerue, their ſoueraigne in the Weſt.
Dar. They haue not bin commanded mightie ſoueraigne
Pleaſe it your Maieſtie to giue me leaue,
Ile muſter vp my friends and meete your Grace,
Where and what time your Maieſtie ſhall pleaſe.
Kin. I, I, thou wouldſt be gone to ioine with Richmond,
I will not truſt you Sir.
Dar. Moſt mightie ſoueraigne,

You haue no cauſe to ho
I neuer was nor neuer w
Kin. Well, go muſter
Your ſonne George Sta
Or elſe, his heads aſſuran
Dar. So deale with hi
Enter
Meſ. My Gracious ſ
As I by friends am well
Sir William Courtney, a
Biſhop of Exeter, his br
With many mo confide
Enter
Meſ. My liege, in Ke
And euery houre more c
Flocke to their ayde, and
Enter ano
Meſ. My Lord, the a

King. Out on you ow
Take that vntill thou b
Meſ. Your Grace miſt
My newes is, that by ſuc
The Duke of Buckingha
And he himſelfe fled no
King. O I cry you me
Ratcliffe reward him fo
Hath any well aduiſed f
Rewards for him that bri
Meſ. Such proclamatiõ
Enter a
Meſ. Sir Thomas Lo
Tis ſaid my Liege are vp
Yet this good comfort b
The Britaine Nauie is d
Sent out a boate to aske t
If they were his aſſiſtants
Who anſwered him they
Vpon his partie: he miſt
Hoiſt ſaile, and made awa

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22316) LONDON, 1602 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34